SYNOPSIS.

Francols Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who propheside that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonapaire. At Baron Gaspard Charles, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chataeu. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaignes. The boy becomes a copyist for the seneral and learns of the friends; him to character with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chataeu. The general agrees to care for the Marquis' son while the former goes to America. The Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general Alixe, Pietro and Francols meet a strange boy who proves to be Frince Louis Napoleon. Francols success his life. The general discovers Francols loves Alixe, and attracts a promise from him thad Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by Pietro in Halty. He discovers in his guard one of Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to alixe the huserful house the hotelal cold little friends of his pileht. The sendent process a note from Pietro explaining in detail how to escape from his prison. Alixe awaits him on horseback and leads him to his friends on board the American salling vessel, the "Lovely" Francols, as a guest of the Hampton, on the "Levy" Frencols, as a guest of the Hampton, on the "Levy" Frencols, as a guest of the Hamptons, where he meets Francols Lucy Hampton reveals her love for Francols and tells Alixe his one wish in life is that she love for Alixe. He returns to France and tells Alixe his one wish in life is that she love for Alixe. He returns to France and tells Alixe his one wish in life is that she love for Alixe. He returns to France for return to America. Later Napoleon summons him to London to ald him the his policies. The process a note of the constant of the process and the process and the proce

CHAPTER XXVIII .- Continued. "Mademoiselle Lucy," he said. have something to ask of you." "I will do it," Lucy promised blithe

ly, not waiting for details, Francois laughed. "You trust one Mademoiselle Lucy-that is plain. Then his face became serious. "Do you remember a talk we once had together when I told you of my old playmate, Alixe?"

The bride-to-be flushed furiously as she recalled that talk. Then she nodded in a matter-of-fact manner. "I remember very well," she said. "It was when I threw myself at your head and you said you didn't want me."

eyes went upward together into an eminently French gesture. What a horror!" he cried. "What an unspeakable manner to recollect that talk! How can you? How can you be so

Both of them, at that, burst into suddenly.

"But you have something to ask

me, Francois. You spoke of yourplaymate-beautiful Alixe."

"It is only you whom I could ask to do this, Mademoiselle Lucy. I have meyer told anyone else about her. Only you know of"-the words came slowly-"of my love for her. She does not know it. Alixe does not know. And I may be killed, one sees, in this fight for the prince. Quite easily. And Alixe will not know. I do not like that. In fact I cannot bear it. So this is what I ask of you, dear mademoiselle." He brought out a letter and held it to her. "If you hear that I am killed, will you send it to Alixe?"

Lucy took the letter and turned it over doubtfully. "I do not like this sort of post-mortem commission, Francois. I feel as if I were holding your death-warrant."

"But it is not by a bit of writing shall meet my finish, mademoiselle. promise not to die one minute sooner for that letter. It is only that it will make me happy to know you will send

So Lucy, holding the letter gingerly, agreed. But as Francols rose to go she stood by him a moment and laid her hand on his coat sleeve. "Francols-I want to tell you something."

"But yes, mademoiselle-yes, Lucy." "It is something wrong."

"Yes-Lucy."

"I am going to tell Harry I said it." "Yes."

"This is it, then"-and Francois smiling, waited and there was deep silence in the big, cool, quiet drawing room for as long as a minute. "This is it, then. I don't know how I can be so unreasonable-but I am. I love Harry -I am happy. But I am quite-jealous of Alixe. And I think you are the most wonderful person I have ever known -much more wonderful than Harry If there had been no Alixe; if you had -liked me-I can imagine having adored you. I do adore you, Francols. Now, how is all that compatible with wicked sinful person-but it is so."

The next time Lucy Hampton saw Francois it was when, white-robed and erybody getting old? Francois with knew that long after, in remembering the other day, he told me that he had sweet in her enveloping mist of veil the broad band of white in his hair- that morning. All they knew was that asked three wishes of life-of the she went up the chancel steps of the and now Pietro-big little Pietro, who Hitle Virginia country church, and had come to them and learned to ride brother and sister stood before them. Prince Louis Emperor, one was to be looking up met a smile that was a Coq and played with them. Was Pietro changed by a miracle to a shining Marshal of France; the third-" she benediction from the man whom she getting old and gray? had loved, who stood close now at the side of her lover, her husband.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Prince's Bright Shadow. There are old people living in Engtheir fathers and mothers speak of a had never before given her; such a And then, after a while they began to mility, constantly seen with Prince Louis Napoleon during the last days. of his life in London in the year 1840. Lady Constance Cecil nicknamed this Frenchman "the prince's bright shadow." There seamed to be a closer tie than brotherhood between them. and the tradition runs that the mys-

tical prince had a superstition that his

luck went with him in the person of be emperor—that he might become "a ters to our negro Sambo to be posted marshal of France under another Bona- at once. By now it may have reached

by Harry's wife should be to tell you faithfully and sincerely.--Lucy Hamp- lieve, Alixe." that she has betrayed your trust in | ton Hampton." her. I am distressed beyond words, Pietro looked bewildered. "What is for I have made a mistake which may it about?" he asked. mean distress to you. You remember "I wonder," and Alixe laughed and the letter to Alixe which you trusted frowned at the paper in her hand. "It to me to send in case anything should seems Francois wrote me a letter and happen to you? I had it in my hand left it with little Mistress Hampton to the week after my wedding when I had be sent 'in case of a certain event.' gone upstairs to get other letters for What event? What a strange thing Europe which my father had command- for Francois to do! And then he came ed me to send by the next packet. And to us here and said nothing of mysin some stupid unexplainable way I terious letters left cooking in Virslipped yours-your precious letter- ginia. I cannot make it out, Pietroamong them in place of one to my fa- can you?" ther's agents in London, and I hurried down and gave the parcel to Sambo, who was waiting to ride to Norfolk with them. And then Harry and negro Sambo lost it."

I went away on a visit to Martin's Brandon for three days, and it was have come before this one, otherwise." only when I came back that I discovered the dreadful mistake I had made. I never guess them." Then, dropping Can you ever forgive me? Harry and into a seat on the wide window-sill, I thought over every possibility of stop- "Pietro-you are letting yourself be ping it, but there seemed to be no depressed." chance. Are you very angry with me, dear friend of Harry's and of mine?" The letter went on with reproaches

and regrets and finally slipped into a I miss having no exercise," he said. cois had made possible for the two. get about." He read it over several times. His . Alixe looked at him. "You are eat letter to Alixe, which should have been sent only after his death, had gone to cois," she said, and laid her hand on her. What then? She would know his, that he loved her; that he had loved her always; that he would love her forever; that the one wish of his life had been that she should love himself small ones, and he turned his face -not Pietro. He had said that in the letter; that was all. He was glad that she should know, though he would never have told her in life. It was they sat so, the girl's hand loose in done and he would find out now if the hollow of the man's; a slow red Pletro indeed cared for her, if she crept into Alixe's face; there was concared for Pietro. And if not, then one fusion in her brain. She had laid her Francois' shoulders and hands and had waited long enough; then at last hand on that of her brother; her broth-

room in the London lodging where he sat with Lucy Hampton's letter before him. Fritz Rickenbach stood there; his highness would like to see the chevalier. All personal thoughts were light-hearted laughter, Lucy was grave locked swiftly into the drawer with shadow" went to the prince.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Third Wish.

On the day when Francois in London read that letter of Lucy Hampton's which had awaited his return from France, a letter from Lucy Hampton reached Alixe at the chateau of Vicques. She carried it to Pietro's room where he sat in a deep chair at a window which looked over Delesmontes valley and the racing Cheulte river, and the village strung on the shores. His elbow on the stone window-sill, his chin in his hand, he stared at the familiar picture.

Alixe, coming in without knocking at the open door, stepped across and stood by him, and he did not lift his head, his listless eyes did not yet shift their gaze from the broad land-



The Gray Eyes Met Hers.

scape. Alixe, looking down at the that makeshift, language; the great in my mind, and I clung, all along, to black head with its short curls set in house was very quiet, and one heard the idea that I loved him and that permy joy in marrying Harry? I don't thick locks-after the manner of the the horses stamping in the paved haps he secretly loved me but would know how it is-but it is so. I am a curls of Praxiteles' Hermes-was courtyard and the grooms singing, and not say it because he was poor and a startled to see many bright lines of yet one did not hear it, Distant sounds peasant; that he was waiting till his gray through the dark mass. Was ev- came from the village, but one only future was made. Then, one day, only

By one of the sudden impulses characteristic of her, her hand flew out slowly, exquisitely, courage came and, mouth a bit rigid. and rested on the curled head as if to hand close in hand, they looked at protect it, motherly, from the whitening of time.

up at her with eyes full of hopeless- dear familiarity was there yet, but no all his life." land today who remember hearing ness and adoration. Such a look he longer were they brother and elster. gung Frenchman of uncommon per- look no one could mistake except a compare notes of things hidden. woman who would not let herself understand.

"It is good to be up and at the window, isn't it?" Alixe spoke cheerfully, and her hand left his head and she went on in a gay disengaged tone.
"You will be downstairs in two or three days now, and then it is only a jump

in being out and about, and then-then in a minute you will be well again." "Oh, yes," Pietro answered without

animation.

am well." "Look, Pietro;" Alixe held out the paper in her hand. "Such a queer letter! From Virginia. From the little talks. I don't understand it. Will you let me read it to you?"

"Surely," said Pietro, and waited

with his unsmiling eyes on her face. "My dear mademoiselle," Alixe read. as I have begged that of the Chevalier | years?" Beaupre, for the very great fault I ed to me a letter for you which was to you?" It was all as it should be; he was have been sent you only in case of a said long ago; that the prince should give myself, I gave it with other letsped back to London, missing Pietro, mademoiselle. That I should have Francois." but hopeful and buoyant. And in Lon- made trouble for one as dear to the don there was a letter for him from chevaller as you are is a deep grief to me. He has talked to me of you. With "Dear Francois," Lucy began. "To a very earnest prayer again for your

"Not I," said Pietro. "The letter of Francois has not come; that is certain; I wonder if the

"Probably," Pietro said. "It should "It is a riddle," Alixe decided, "and

The gray eyes met hers with something that seemed a wall of reserve in their steady glance. "I think possibly tale of a new happy life which Fran- "I will feel more natural when I can

ing your heart out to be with Fran-

Pietro stared as if the light touch had shaken him; then slowly his large fingers twisted lightly around the again, holding her hand so, to the window and the view of the valley and the river and the village. A moment -the joy of the thought choked him. er had taken it in his-and behold, by delicate big grasp that held her was suddenly she knew that; the flush shot even she, this time, might mistake,

"Alixe," he said, "I know you don't care for me. I know you love Franbut when you put your hand on

He held her palms together and Francois opened my eyes." parted the palms and kiesed the finger-tips, first of one and then of the other, as if he kissed something holy.

"I shall never speak again, but this once I will. I always loved you-one must. I knew always that a slow silent person like me would have no chance against a fellow like Francois. But I thought I cared for Francois; if believed it, with a half-consuming So I have kept still, and it was hard. It he had spoken that day I should have flame of devotion. Since the man's won't be so hard now that you know. told him that I cared for him. But he arrival from Virginia six weeks before, Are you angry, Alixe?"

Alixe, with her head bent so that Pietro did not see her face, with her head bending lower-lower, suddenly was on her knees by the chair and her him," Pietro said gently. face was on Pietro's arm.

"Alixe," he whispered, "what is itwhat have I done?" But the brown waves of hair with

thought shook him. "It cannot be!" he gasped. exaggerated black lashes lifted, and in a quick cautious way. the blue glance lifted and rested on

occult fashion Pietro knew. For moments they had no need of angel into whose face, for these first stopped. moments, they dared not look. Then Pietro and Alixe still, the ancient play- with it.

"When did you begin-to like methis way, Pietro?" "I don't know," answered Pietro "Our dear Francois," she went on softstupidly. "Does it make any differ- ly, and the blue intensity of her eyes

"A great deal," Alixe insisted. "It's important, It's historical." "But this isn't history," said Pietro.

charge. "Last year?" "Last year-what?" Pietro neked: he had already forgotten the question slowly, "that it was not indeed for he spoke to no one, that a pivotal in-"It will not be long before Last year! Why, I think it was the shal some day, but because it might est figure. day I came and saw you riding Coq."

"Oh, Pletro-if you will talk only It was for you." Lucy Hampton of whom Francois nonsense!" Alixe's voice was disappointed. "But why, then, didn't you never thought of that. I think you ever say so before this? We are both thought of it, Pietro, only because you his secretary, had been installed, and a thousand years old now. If youloved me"-she spoke the word in a lower voice-"why, then, were you as "I am writing to beg your forgiveness, quiet as a mouse about it all these

"I thought you cared for Francois," have committed. The chevaller trust- Pietro said simply. And added, "Didn't firm. "For he said that what he had

Alixe considered. "I don't-thinkentirely happy. He had asked three certain event; by a carelessness which, I ever did, Pietro. Not really. I wishes of the good fairies, as he had unmeant as it was, I shall never for thought I did perhaps. He dazzled me -Francois-with his way of doing all sorts of things brilliantly, and that wonderful something about him makes parte"-that Alixe should love him. you. I cannot tell if I have made everybody love him. He believed in The first two he believed about to be trouble or not, but in any case, I can- his star; there was around him the realized. The last? It was not now not rest without saying to you-as romance of the emperor's prophecy the time to think of that. Alixe had well as to the Chevalier how sorry I and the romance of the career which kissed him good-by. That would more am. If you can find it in your heart is, we believe, about to begin now; than do till the fight was over. So he to forgive me, please do so, dear there was always a glamour about I love him as if he were one of the

selfishness; the qualities which make what people call his charm. Francois think that the first letter sent to you forgiveness I am, mademoiselle, yours is unlike the rest of the world, I be-Pietro talked on, the silent Pietro.

as if delivering a lecture. He had read much and thought much: it was sel-



Suddenly a Thought Shook Him.

often filled his scholarly mind; today it | night before the battle." seemed easy to talk of everything. Joy had set wide all the doors of his be- Ptetro asked doubtfully. ing. Alixe opened her eyes in astonishment.

"Pietro! You are-talking like a tro. book! But it is true; something of that sort has come to me, too-which proves it to be true. I have felt always that Francois had notes in him which are not on our pianos." Pietro smiled, looking at her,

Francois, with all these gifts and all Bonaparte, who had chartered her, and his power over hearts-but only com- the handful of his followers who had

monplace me?" a witchcraft it was all changed. This "Monsieur the Marquis Zappi, the gen- and in small companies had succeeded tleman I-care for, is not common- in entering the town and the quarters not brotherly; through all her veins place. I thank you not to say it," she of the officers who were, in France, shot at him, and then, melting to a the nucleus and the hope of their atup to her eyes, to her forehead, and sudden intensity, she put a hand on tempt. In the rooms of Lieutenant she tried, with an attempt at an every- each side of his dark face and spoke Aladenize, the host of the Prince, a day manner, to draw her hand away, earnestly. "Pietro, dear, listen. I be- short council had been held to go over Lucy's letter and "the prince's bright But Pietro, his set pale face toward lieve I always cared for you. When I once more the plans which had been the window, his eyes gazing out, held was little it hurt me to have Francois discussed and settled by letter for her hand. With that the world had forever the one to do the daring things. weeks already. The work was carereeled and was whirling past her. Do you remember how I used to scold fully arranged; there was almost noth-Pietro had caught both her hands in a at you because you would not fight ing to be changed, and the little comtight grip and had drawn them against him?" Pietro smiled again. "Then he pany of men who were trying so large him, was holding them there, was was captain of the school and you only a fate, scattered, with grave faces, looking at her with a face which not a private, and I cried about that when with quiet good nights to the Prince I was alone at night. And when you who might tomorrow be their Emwent off to Italy so quietly, with never peror, to the Prince for whose sake a word said about the danger, I did not they might tomorrow night be any or cois. I did not mean ever to speak, know that you were doing a fine deed all ruined men or dead men. -I thought it a commonplace that you He sat erect and listened. Thelin should go back to your country, till was brushing clothes with energy in

"Francois?" Pietro asked.

five years." "And all that time I believed you loved him, and were mourning for of his early days, of the young confi-

"I half believed it too." Alixe an- distant perhaps, but undimmed by the pense as possible." swered. "Yet all the time I was jealous for you, Pietro, for it was still Francois who was the hero-not you. the blue ribbon tied around them lay Then when there came a question of motionless on his arm. And suddenly his rescue I was mad with the desire to have you do it-and you did it." Her voice dropped. She laid her And Alixe lifted her face, and the hand against his shoulder and spoke,

"But all that is immaterial. I just Pietro's black hair bent down where love you-that's the point." A mothe light shone on the silver lines ment later she spoke again. "I want through it. Up flashed her hand im- to finish telling you-and then we need pulsively, gently-as Alixe did things, never speak of it again. I did think and touched the thick lock with an in- you were-commonplace. And yet I finitely delicate caress. "Your hair- knew in my heart you were not, for is all turning gray," she whispered in I resented your seeming so. So I two quick breaths, and at that, in some urged you into danger. I wanted you to be a hero. I had that echo of a schoolgirl's romance about Francois the ghost of a lifelong affection of good fairies' he said. One was to make

"What?" Pietro demanded,

Alixe flushed and smiled and took each other astonished, glad. It was Pietro's big hand and covered her eyes "That I should-love you, And Pietro turned slowly and looked fellows, the childhood friends-all the Monsieur. He said he had wished that

"May heaven grant him his wish," said Pietro fervently, and then, reflecting, "It seems a strange wish for Francois. You are sure, Alixe?"

"Yes, he said so," Alixe insisted. grew misty. "Dear Francois," she reeated, "it is only he who could have one that was for himself was not be-

Alixe, however, returned to the cause he cared for it himself, but be black clouds which drove how across cause it was the Emperor's prophecy." It. He was a bit superstitious about "Oh—that I began to—mon dieu—no. himself that he wished to be a Mar- terest of his career rested in the mod-

> "For me!" Alixe was astonished. "I -cared for me-and thought Francois must care also."

"Yes, I thought he cared." Pietro considered. "I can not believe otherwise yet."

"You may believe it." Alixe was wished always was that I should-love you. I did it mostly to please Francois," she added serenely.

And Pietro's response to that was apt, but not to be given here. The minds of these two happy lovers were full of that third who had been so close always, to each of them.

"Pietro," Alixe spoke earnestly, coming back to the same subject, "you know that I love Francois-of course. But you do not know in what way. saints-but also as if he were a help-"Yes," Pietro agreed. "The glamour less little child. Yet not-Pietro-as of his courage. Alixe, of loyalty and unif he were—the man I love. I would give my life for him in a rush of de- I believe I am too happy to sleep." light, if he needed it. But I know now, whatever were my vague dreams in past years, that it is not in Francois to care for a woman as a human man." "I am not so sure," said Pietro, and

> shook his head. "You know I am not abusing our Francois," Alixe protested. "Why, Pietro, my father believes, and I believe, that if affairs should so happen that he has his opportunity he may yet be one of the great characters in history. My father says be is made up of inspirations, illuminations-and

> limitations." "Yes." said Pietro thoughtfully. "He has the faults of brilliancy and fearlessness. He judges too rapidly. If he were afraid ever-if he saw the other side of a question ever, his judgment would be safer. It may well happen that he will be one of the great men of Europe; it may also happen that by some single act of mismanage ment he will throw away his careeror his life. God keep him safe!" Pietro said simply.

And Alixe echoed it-"God keep him safe!" And then, "I am going to write him, Pietro-about us. My father knows where to reach him at Boulogne I am going to say just a wordthat what he has wished for all his dom he spoke of the speculations which life is true. It will get to him the

"Are you sure you are right, Alixe? "Sure," said Alixe buoyantly,

"Give him my love, then," said Pie-

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Night Before. Out in the dark, in the harbor of Boulogne, the ship Edinburgh Castle "And yet, Alixe, you do not love lay rocking in the wind. Prince Louis sailed with him on her from England Alixe straightened against his arm. had disembarked quietly at twilight,

the bedroom, and through another door there came a light sound of a paper "Yes. The day before he went to turned, of a gay song sung softly. And join you we were riding together and a glow suddenly warmed the Prince's he told me what it meant to be a heart; here was some one who had patriot in Italy under the Austrians. known his mother, who had been, in-That day I realized how unbearable it deed, for a few days her son; here would be if anything happened to you. was some one who cared for him, he did not; he went-and was in prison to have him near himself had been a pleasure to Louis Bonaparte; he seemed to bring back the freshness

"I always thought," Pietro spoke Francois as well, with an idea, which

make him, in a manner, your equal. He rose, this night in Boulogne, as the paper rustled and the little French provincial chanson sounded from the room where Francois Beaupre, now stepped to the closed door.

"De tous cote's l'on que je suis bete."

Francois sang softly. The Prince smiled. As he opened the door the singing stopped; the young man sprang respectfully to his feet, a letter grasped in his hand, and stood waiting.

"Sire!" he said.

Prince Louis flung out his hand with a gesture of impulsiveness strange to his controlled manner, yet not out of drawing to those who knew him well. 'Ah, Francois," he cried. "Let the titles go for tonight. Say, 'Louis,' as on that day when we first saw each other; when the four children played together in the old chateau ruins. And Francois smiled his radiant exquisite smile and answered quietly. "But yes, my brother-Louis." And went on, "I believe I shall not sleep tonight, Louis.

As one reads a novel for relaxation n the strain of a critical business affair. Prince Louis caught at the distraction of this side issue. The next morning was planned to the last detail; there was nothing to do till daylight, yet he could not sleep at present. Here was a romance of some sort. He sank back on the cushions of the coach of Lieutenant Aladenize's smoking room and put his feet up luxuriously, and slowly lighted a cigar of Havana.

"Tell me," he ordered, and the genleness of appeal was in the order. "Sire"—the young man began—and corrected himself. "Louis," he said.

The Prince smiled dimly. "Since our landing I have known that a wonderful thing has happened to me. It is"he spoke lower-"it is the love of the woman who is to me the only one in the world." "I congratulate you, mon ami," Louis

said gently. "Is it by any chance the and to-day holds the record of being the delightful little Mademoiselle Alixe of the old chateau?"

Beaupre turned scarlet. He was a marvelous man, this Prince Louis. How had he guessed? "She loves me -I have here a letter in which she tells me that she loves me. Will his Highness read it?" With an impetuous step forward he held the paper toward Louis Napoleon.

"I thank you," the Prince said gravev. He read:

"Francois, what you have wished all fore the battle. That they will give you the other two on the day of the battle is the belief of your "ALIXE."

And below was written hurriedly,

'Pietro sends his love." The Prince gave back the letter with a respectful hand; then looked at Francois inquiringly. "'What you have wished all your life,' mon ami?" Francois laughed happily. "One must explain, if it will not tire his High ness." And he told, in a few words, of that day when his self-restraint had | W.F.YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St. Springfield, Mass. given way and how, when his guard was down and he was on the point of telling his lifelong secret love, some spirit of perversity-but Francois did If you have not decided upon what not know it was an angel-had caught Alixe, and she had accused him of wishing always that she might love Pietro. And how, meshed in that same net of hurt recklessness, he had answered in her own manner-"Yes," he had said, "it was that which had been the wish of his life-that Alixe might love Pietro!" And Francois laughed gaily, telling the simple entanglement to the Prince, the night before the battle. "One sees how she is quick and clear-sighted, my Alixe," he said. "For she knew well even then it was not that I wished." He stopped, for in the quiet contained look of the listener an intangible something struck a chill to his delicately-poised sensitiveness. "What is it, Louis?" he cried out. "You do not think I mistake her -mistake-Alixe!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Philosopher's Purpose.

"I am looking for an honest man, said Diogenes, "What do you want with one?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. My real plihanthropic purpose is to show the world how to conduct a long and redence when his star shone for him, sultless investigation with as little ex-



ART OF TREE SCULPTURE | number used each year or where they

Old English Custom That Called for the Cutting of Fantastic Shapes.

Very many years ago it was the fashion of England and on the continent to have great gardens of evergreen trees trimmed and clipped into curious and fantastic shapes. To such an extent did the craze develop that these gardens were filled with crouching lions, pigs and even hens and chickens, all laboriously sculptured from living green and kept in trim by constant use of the knife and the shears.

A few of these gardens were established in this country and one still remains in perfect condition. It is located on the famous Hunnewell estate at Wellesley, Mass., and is visited by people from all over the world. The garden is on the side of a terraced hill dropping away to a beautiful little lake.

Evergreens of many kinds are to be found there and each summer a force of workmen with long ladders carefully prune and trim the branches in order to preserve the strange shapes which have been developed with the utmost patience.-Popular Electricity.

Use 30,000,000 Boxes.

Cigar boxes are a negligible quanhad those three wishes. The single tity to the average smoker, but how which is sound Glasgow for "Fellow many ever stopped to think of the fell off a lorry."

come from? Thirty million is the total supplied to the manufacturers of the seductive weed each year. The best boxes come from Cuba and are known as Spanish cedar.

After the war with Spain the supply of this wood was greatly diminished and its price raised, so that for a time cigar dealers were obliged to find a substitute for this kind of cedar.

Various woods were tried, but trouble was found in selling these boxes. because connoisseurs insisted that a fine cigar was spoiled by putting it in any but a box made of Spanish cedar. This wood always retains the flavor of a good cigar. Indeed, some persons assert that it improves the flavor. The reason given is that it grows in the same localities.

As She is Spoke on Clyde. The best English is said to be spoken in Scotland-but not on the

Clyde! A Londoner, just returned from Scotland, sends a Daily Chronicle cerrespondent this example of Firth of Clyde language: "Poo-pa-poo: aw-manoo, gaur-pa-poo." The strange sounds are supposed to be uttered by a wee Macgreegor in a rowing-boat with his parents; and the Interpretation is, Pull, pa, pull; oh, ma, now, gaur

make) pa pull." The Chinese-like exhortation is good companion for "Flaflaflarry"- Saw Something, at Least

Two little English children had run away from home, drawn by the irresistible attractions of a circus. "Oh, Mary, come here!" cried one, lying on the ground and raising the bottom of the large tent, "I see the 'orses' 'oofs." -The Delineator.

Red Cross Ball Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

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tors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them." - Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS. 455 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

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